

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

TRI-WEEKLY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

VOLUME I.

PUBLISHED BY THE COMMITTEE, EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY MORNING.

NUMBER 6.

WASHINGTON, D. C. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1845.

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN.

Three times a week, on a super-royal sheet. It will be delivered to subscribers in the District, at two cents per number, payable weekly.

To distant subscribers it will be mailed at Two Dollars and fifty cents per year, payable in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

| | |
|---|------|
| One square of 14 lines, one insertion, | 37 |
| two insertions | 65 |
| three | 75 |
| two weeks | 1 25 |
| one month | 1 50 |
| two months | 2 50 |
| three | 3 00 |
| six months | 5 00 |
| twelve | 7 50 |
| Professional cards of five lines, or under, per year. | 3 00 |

While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

CITY DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

Baptist, Rev. O. B. Brown, 10th street, between E and F.
Baptist, Rev. Mr. Samson, E street, between 6th and 7th.
Baptist, Rev. Mr. Hendrickson, cor. of 4th street and Virginia avenue.
Baptist, Shiloh, Elder Robert C. Leachman, on Virginia avenue, near 4 1-2 street.
Catholic, St. Patrick's, Rev. Mr. Matthews, assisted by Rev. James B. Donelan, F street, between 9th and 10th streets.
Catholic, St. Matthew's, Rev. John P. Donelan, corner of H and 15th streets.
Catholic, St. Peter's, Rev. Mr. Van Horsiegh, 2d street, between C and D, Capitol hill.
Friends, I street, between 18th and 19th.
Lutheran, English, Rev. Dr. Muller, corner of 11th and H streets.
Lutheran, German, Rev. Mr. Bevan, corner of G and 20th streets.
Methodist, Ebenezer, Rev. Messrs. Ege and Hanson, 4th street, between F and G, navy yard.
Methodist, Foundry, Rev. Mr. Tarring and T. A. Morgan, corner of 14th and G streets.
Methodist, Wesley chapel, Rev. N. Wilson, corner of F and 5th streets.
Methodist, McKendree chapel, Rev. Mr. Eggleston, Mass. avenue, between 9th and 10th.
Methodist, Ryland Chapel, Rev. F. S. Evans, pastor, corner of Maryland avenue and 10th st.
Methodist Protestant, Rev. Mr. Matchett, 9th street, between E and F.
Methodist Protestant, Rev. Mr. Murray, pastor, Odd-Fellows Hall, navy yard.
Presbyterian, Rev. Dr. Laurie, F. street, between 14th and 15th.
1st Presbyterian, Rev. Mr. Spole, 4 1-2 street, between C and D.
2d Presbyterian, Rev. Mr. Knox, corner of H street and New York avenue.
4th Presbyterian, Rev. J. C. Smith, 9th street, between G and H.
Presbyterian, a new church, nearly done, on 8th, between H and I sts., Rev. Septimus Tuston, pastor—residence on 8th near G Christ, Episcopal, Rev. Mr. Bean, G street, between 6th and 7th, navy yard.
St. John's Episcopal, Rev. Mr. Pyne, corner 16th and H streets.
Trinity, Episcopal, Rev. Mr. Stringfellow, 5th street, between Louisiana avenue and E street.
Epiphany, Episcopal, Rev. Mr. French, G street, between 13th and 14th.
Ascension, Episcopal, Rev. Mr. Gilliss, H street, between 9th and 10th, temporarily occupying McLeod's school room, 9th street between G and H.
Unitarian, Rev. Mr. —, corner of D and 6th streets.
African, Union Bethel, M. E., Rev. Adam S. Driver, M between 15th and 16th streets.
African, Israel, M. E., Henry C. Turner, near the Capitol.
First Presbyterian, (colored,) J. F. Cook, 15th, between I and K streets.
MASONIC.
Federal Lodge, No. 1—room corner of 12th street and Pennsylvania avenue; regular night of meeting, first Monday in every month.
Lebanon Lodge, No. 7—room corner of 12th street and Penn. Avenue, third story; regular meeting, first Friday in every month.
New Jerusalem Lodge, No. 9—room on C street, between 6th and 4 1-2 streets; regular meeting, third Tuesday in every month.
Hiram Lodge, No. 10—room over West market, 1st ward; regular meeting, first Wednesday in every month.
Grand Lodge of District of Columbia—annual communication first Tuesday in November; semi-annual, first Tuesday in May. Installation meeting, St. John's day, 27th December.
I. O. O. F.
Central Lodge, No. 1—room City Hall; night of regular meeting, Friday.
Washington Lodge, No. 6—room City Hall; night of regular meeting, Tuesday.
Eastern Lodge, No. 7—occupies a room in Masonic hall, navy yard; night of regular meeting, Friday.
Potomac Lodge, No. 8—Odd Fellows' hall, Alexandria; regular night of meeting, Friday.
Harmony Lodge, No. 9—Odd Fellows' hall, corner of 7th and G streets, navy yard, regular night of meeting, Monday.
Columbia Lodge, No. 10—room City Hall; regular night of meeting, Thursday.
Union Lodge, No. 11—Odd Fellows' hall, navy yard; regular night of meeting, Wednesday.
Friendship Lodge, No. 12—room over West market, first ward; night of regular meeting, Thursday.
Covenant Lodge, No. 13—Georgetown; at their Hall, Congress st. Monday.
Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 14—room old Masonic hall, Alexandria; regular night of meeting, Tuesday.
Beacon Lodge, No. 15—room City Hall; regular night of meeting, Monday.
Columbian Encampment, No. 1—room City hall; regular night of meeting last Wednesday in every month.
Marley Encampment, No. 2—Odd Fellows' hall, Alexandria; regular nights of meeting, second and fourth Mondays in every month.
Mount Pisgah Encampment, No. 3—Odd Fellows' hall, Georgetown; regular nights of meeting, 1st and 3d Tuesday in every month.
Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, meets annually on the second Monday in November, and quarterly on the second Mondays of January, April, July, and October.
I. O. R. M.
Powhattan Tribe, No. 1—room on C street; regular night of meeting, every Tuesday.
Osceola Tribe, No. 2, Alexandria—meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbus st., Wednesday.
Anacostia Tribe, No. 3, Odd Fellows' Hall, Navy Yard.
Washington Literary and Debating Society—meets every Thursday evening, at the session room of the Baptist church, 10th street.
Vine Lyceum Society—meets weekly over the Washington Library, 11th street.
Washington Benevolent Society—meets at their hall on G, between 6th and 7th sts, the first Tuesday in every month.
Anacostia Benevolent Society meets the 15th of every month, one hour after sunset, in the Anacostia engine house. John O'Neale, president.
Freeman's Vigilant Total Abstinence Society, meets every Thursday evening, in the Franklin Engine house, 14th street.
UNITED BROTHERS OF TEMPERANCE.
District Assembly meets monthly, in Dr. F. Howard's Lecture room, on 11th street, between F and G.
Officers.
Ulysses Ward, President, Washington city.
Robert P. Anderson, 1st Vice do.
Robert M. Larmour, 2d do Alexandria.
George Savage, 3d do Washington.
J. B. Wilson, Recording Secretary.
L. S. Beck, Assistant do do Alexandria.
Richard L. Carns, jr. Cor. do Alexandria.
F. Howard, M. D., Treasurer.
J. L. Henshaw, Marshal.
Association No. 1, meets every Friday evening, at the Hall, on C street.
Association No. 2, every Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows' Hall, Navy Yard.
Association, No. 3, on Tuesday evening, over West Market.
Association No. 4, Alexandria, Old Brook Lodge, St. Asaph, near King st., Friday.
Association No. 5, Georgetown.
SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Grand Division—meets 2d Monday of October, January, April, and July, at the hall of Sons of Temperance, C st.
Officers.
William Whitney, G. W. P.
C. W. Boteler, Jr., G. W. A.
Z. K. Offutt, G. S.
John Waters, G. Treasurer.
Joseph Radcliff, G. Chaplain.
J. W. Dexter, G. C.
J. H. Davis, G. S.
J. D. Clark, P. G. W. P.
Timothy Division, No. 1—at the Hall of the Sons of Temperance on C street; regular night of meeting, Wednesday.
Harmony Division, No. 2—Alexandria, N. E. corner of Market square, Monday.

Crystal Fount Division, No. 3—Hall of the Sons of Temperance, C street; Monday.
Potomac Division, No. 5—Odd Fellows' Hall, Georgetown; Friday.
Equal Division, No. 6—Dr. Howard's Lecture Room, corner of F and 11th sts.; Tuesday.
Marion Division, No. 7—West Market, Monday.
Franklin Division, No. 8—Odd Fellows' Hall, Georgetown.
Union Division, No. 9—Tennally Town.
Howard Division, No. 10—Odd Fellows' Hall; Navy Yard.

BANKS.

Patriotic Bank—7th street, between C and D streets—discount day, Thursday. G. C. Grammar, President; Chauncy Bestor, Cashier.
Bank of Washington—corner of Louisiana avenue and C street—discount day, Tuesday. Wm. Gunton, President; Jas. Adams, Cashier.
Bank of the Metropolis—Pennsylvania avenue, between F and G streets, opposite the Treasury Department—discount day, Friday. John P. Van Ness, President; Richard Smith, Cashier.
Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, Georgetown, Southeast corner of Bridge and Congress sts.

FIRE COMPANIES.

Union—located at the corner of H and 20th streets; regular night of meeting, the 2d Tuesday in every month. W. B. Magruder, President.
Franklin—located on 14th street, near Pennsylvania avenue; regular night of meeting, the first Tuesday in every month. Robert Colman, President.
Perseverance—located on Pennsylvania avenue, Centre market square; regular night of meeting, the first Thursday in every month. C. Buckingham, President.
Northern Liberties—located on the corner of Massachusetts avenue and 8th street; regular night of meeting, the first Wednesday in every month. John Y. Bryant, President.
Island—located on Maryland avenue, between 10th and 11th streets; regular night of meeting, the in every month. Wm. Lloyd, President.
Columbia—located on South Capitol street, near the Capitol; regular night of meeting the first Thursday in every month. James Adams, President.
Anacostia—located on Virginia avenue and L street south; regular night of meeting the first Friday in every month. Jonas B. Ellis, President.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Firemen's Insurance Company of Georgetown and Washington—office in the hall of the Perseverance Fire Company's building, Centre Market square. Jas. Adams President; Alexander McIntire, Secretary.
Franklin Insurance Company—office corner of 7th and D streets, next door to the Patriotic Bank. G. C. Grammar, President; Geo. Stettinius, Secretary.
Potomac Fire Insurance Company—office on Bridge street, Georgetown. John Kurtz, President; Henry King, Secretary.

POETRY.

THE ANTI-TEETOTALLER.

I'll sing you a wondrous song, 'twas made by a young pate,
About a gentleman who had become intemperate:
His hall so old was drear and cold, and winds howled round the door;
He scorned to sleep upon a bed, and so slept on the floor.
Like an anti-teetotaller,
One of the olden time.
He lived a lonely life, for he had fewer friends than foes,
Yet there he sat in a burly state, and rubbed his old red nose;
The greatest enemy he had, lived with him in the hall,
His name was "Demi-John," and him he loved the best of all.
Like an, &c.
In former days he was gallant and dressed quite like a dandy,
Yet the girls soon cut him when they found he was in love with brandy;
And now a bachelor, his house was as lonely as a barn,
He had no wife to darn his socks, and he had no socks to darn,
Like an, &c.
He now had fashions of his own, and dressed just as he chose,
He wore a hat without a crown, and toeless boots and shoes,
His trousers were much too short, or he was much too long,
And tho' he had grown very weak, his breath was very strong,
Like an, &c.
One day there came a friend to him, and begged the pledge he'd sign,
And ever more forswear the use of brandy, beer, and wine;
"Oh! yes," said he, "I'll pledge to thee, come let us drink a tumbler,
Here's 'may we never want a horn, drain to the dregs the bumper.'
Like an, &c.
But when he learned the temperance pledge made people fat and healthy,
That many who were poor before, by signing it grew wealthy,
"Give me the pledge," said he, "I'm free, I'll drink no more of sorrow,
My heart is light, and I shall be, another man to-morrow."
Like a thorough teetotaller,
One of the present time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RUINED FAMILY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Continued.)

"Come along, my friend," was all the stranger said, drawing his arm within that of the penitent young man, as he did so,—"this is no place for you."
And the two walked slowly out, amid the laughter, sneers, and open ridicule of the brutal company. Once again in the open air, Alfred breathed more freely.
"O, sir," he said, grasping the hand of the individual who had appeared so opportunely—"you have saved me from my last temptation, into which I was led so naturally, that I had not an idea of danger. If I had fallen then, as I fear I should have fallen but for you, I must have gone down, rapidly, to irretrievable ruin. How can I express to you the grateful emotions that I now feel?"
"Express them not to me, young man," the stranger said, in a solemn voice; "but to him, who in his merciful providence, sent me just at the right moment to meet your last extremity. Look up to him, and whenever tempted, let your conscious weakness repose in his strength, and no evil power can prevail against you. Be true to the resolution of this hour—to your pledge—to those who have claims upon you, for such, I know there must be, and you shall yet fill that position of usefulness in society, which no one else but you can occupy. And now let me advise you to go home, and ponder well this act, and your future course. No matter how dark all may now seem, light will spring up. If you are anxious to walk in a right path, and to minister to those who have claims upon you, the way will be made plain. This encouragement I can give you with confidence; for twelve months ago, I trembled on the brink of ruin, as you have just been trembling. I was once a slave to the same wild infatuation that has held you in bondage. Hope, then, with a vigorous hope, and that hope will be a guarantee for your future elevation!"
And so saying, the stranger shook the hand of Alfred heartily, and, turning, walked hastily away.
The young man had proceeded only a few paces when he observed his old friend and companion, Charles Williams, driving along towards him. No one had done so much towards corrupting his morals, and enticing him away from virtue, as that individual. But he had checked himself in his course of dissipation, long before, while Alfred had sunk rapidly downward. Years had passed since any intercourse had taken place between them, for their condition in life had long been as different as their habits. Charles had entered into business with his father and was now active and enterprising, increasing the income of the firm by his energy and industry.
His eye rested upon Graham, the moment he came near enough to observe him. There was something familiar about his gait and manner, that attracted the young man's attention. At first, he did not distinguish, through the disguise that sickness and self-imposed poverty had thrown over Alfred, his old companion. But, suddenly, as he was about passing, he recognised him, and instantly reined up his horse.
"It is only a few minutes since I was thinking about you, Alfred," he said. "How are you? But you do not look well. Have you been sick?"
"I have been very ill, lately," Alfred, Graham replied, in a mournful tone; former thoughts and feelings rushing back upon him in consequence of this unexpected interview, and quite subduing him.
"I am really sorry to hear it," the young man said, sympathizingly. "What has been the matter?"
"A slow fever. This is the first time I have been out for weeks."
"A ride, then, will be of use to you. Get up, and let me drive you out in the country. The pure air will benefit you, I am sure."
For a moment or two, Alfred stood irresolute. He could not believe that he heard aright.
"Come," urged Williams. "We have often ridden before, and let us have one more ride, if we should never go out again together. I wish to have some talk with you."
Thus urged, Alfred, with the assistance of Charles Williams, got up in the light wagon, in which the latter was riding, and in a moment after was dashing off with him behind a spirited horse.
It was on the morning of a day, nearly a week previous to this time, that Mary Williams, or rather Mrs. Harwood,—for Anna and Mary Graham's old friend had become a married woman—entered the store of Mrs. — on Chestnut-street, for the purchase of some goods. While one of the girls in attendance was waiting upon her, she observed a young woman, neatly, but poorly clad, whom she had often seen there before, come in, and go back to the far end of the store. In a little while, Mrs. — joined her, and received from her a small package, handing her some money in return, when the young woman retired, and walked quickly away. This very operation Mrs. Harwood had several times seen repeated before, and each

time she had felt much interested in the timid and retiring stranger, a glance at whose face she had never been able to gain.
"Who is that young woman?" she asked of the individual in attendance.
"She's a poor girl, that Mrs. — buys fine work from, out of mere charity, she says."
"Do you know her name?"
"I have heard it, ma'am, but forget it."
"Have you any very fine French worked capes, Mrs. —," asked Mrs. Harwood, as the individual she addressed came up to that part of the counter where she was standing, still holding in her hand the small package which had been received from the young woman. This Mrs. Harwood noticed.
"O, yes, ma'am, some of the most beautiful in the city."
"Let me see them, if you please."
A box was brought, and its contents, consisting of a number of very rich patterns of the article asked for, displayed.
"What is the price of this?" asked Mrs. Harwood, lifting one, the pattern of which pleased her fancy.
"That is a little damaged," Mrs. — replied. "But here is one of the same pattern," unrolling the small parcel she had still continued to hold in her hand, "which has just been returned by a lady, to whom I sent it for examination this morning."
"It is the same pattern, but much more beautifully wrought," Mrs. Harwood said, as she examined it carefully. "These are all French, you say?"
"Of course, ma'am. None but French goods come of such exquisite fineness."
"What do you ask for this?"
"It is worth fifteen dollars, ma'am. The pattern is a rich one, and the work unusually fine."
"Fifteen dollars! That is a pretty high price, is it not, Mrs. —?"
"O, no, indeed, Mrs. Harwood! It cost me very nearly fourteen dollars—and a dollar is a small profit to make on such articles."
After hesitating for a moment or two, Mrs. Harwood said—
"Well, I suppose I must give you that for it, as it pleases me."
And she took out her purse, and paid the price that Mrs. — had asked. She still stood musing by the side of the counter, when the young woman who had awakened her interest a short time before, re-entered, and came up to Mrs. —, who was near her.
"I have a favour to ask, Mrs. —," she overheard her say, in a half tremulous, and evidently reluctant tone.
"Well, what is it?" Mrs. — coldly asked.
"I want six dollars more than I have got, for a very particular purpose. Won't you advance me the price of three capes, and I will bring you in one a week, until I have made it up."
"No, miss," was the prompt and decisive answer—"I never pay any one for work not done. Pay beforehand, and never pay, are the two worst kinds of pay."
All this was distinctly heard by Mrs. Harwood, and her very heart ached, as she saw the poor girl turn, with a disappointed air, away, and walk slowly out of the store.
"That's just the way with these people," ejaculated Mrs. —, in affected indignation, meant to mislead Mrs. Harwood, who, she feared, had overheard what the young woman had said. "They're always trying in some way or other, to get the advantage of you."
"How so?" asked Mrs. Harwood, wishing to learn all she could about the stranger who had interested her feelings.
"Why, you see, I pay that girl a good price for doing a certain kind of work for me, and the money is always ready for her, the moment her work is done. But, not satisfied with that, she wanted me, just now, to advance her the price of three weeks' work. If I had been foolish enough to have done it, it would have been the last I ever should have seen of either money, work, or seamstress."
"Perhaps not," Mrs. Harwood ventured to remark.
"You don't know these kind of people as well as I do, Mrs. Harwood. I've been tricked too often in my time."
"Of course not," was the quiet reply. Then after a pause.
"What kind of sewing did she do for you Mrs. —?"
"Nothing very particular; only a little fine work. I employ her, more out of charity, than anything else."
"Do you know any thing about her?"
"She's old Graham's daughter, I believe. I'm told he died in the Alms-House, a few weeks ago."
"What old Graham?" Mrs. Harwood asked, in a quick voice.
"Why, old Graham, the rich merchant that was, a few years ago. Quite a tumble down their pride has had, I reckon! Why I remember when nothing in my store was good enough for them. But they are glad enough now to work for me at any price I choose to pay them."
For a few moments, Mrs. Harwood was

(See fourth page.)